

voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:—

“You may not have lived much under the sea—” (“I haven’t,” said Alice)—“and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—” (Alice began to say “I once tasted——” but checked herself hastily, and said “No, never”) “——so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is!”

“No, indeed,” said Alice. “What sort of a dance is it?”



THE LOBSTER

“Why,” said the Gryphon, “I’ll give you a line along the sea-shore—”

“Two lines!” cried the Mock Turtle, “I’ll give you two lines—turtles, salmon, and so on—” “I’ll clear all the jelly-fish—”

“That generally takes the Gryphon.”

“—you advance twice—”

“Each with a lobster—” the Gryphon.

“Of course,” the Mock Turtle, “twice, set to partners—”

“—change lobsters, and so on—” continued the Gryphon.

“Then, you know,” the Mock Turtle, “you throw the——”

“The lobsters!” shouted the Mock Turtle, “bound into the air.”

“—as far out to sea as you can—”

“Swim after them!” said the Mock Turtle.

“Turn a somersault in the air—” the Turtle, capering wildly about.

“Change lobsters again—” the Mock Turtle, at the top of its voice.

“Back to land again, and so on—”